

BLACK DIAMOND
WESTERN

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A. C. M. F.

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to the
COMICS
CODE

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



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BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

BLACK DIAMOND

in "THE INCREDIBLE SAGA OF THE PURPLE FEATHER"



IT IS THE SPRING OF 1875! A RALEN APRIL RAIN SOAKS NATURE AND MAN! BUT ONE CREATURE WEARING THE FIERCE PANT OF AN APACHE WARRIOR DOESN'T MIND THE DROPS THAT SPLASH INTO HIS EYES...

THERE'S ONE OF THE DEVILS WE WOUNDED BOB! WE CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND IF THE APACHES DON'T TAKE TIME OUT TO BURY THEIR DEAD!

THAT PROVES NOTHING, BUMPER! YOUNG TIGER'S CUTTHROATS CARE LITTLE FOR HUMAN LIFE! AND STILL LESS FOR LIFE AFTER DEATH...



THEY'VE GOT NO FEELINGS EXCEPT GREED AND BLOOD LUST! WE'LL BURY THIS BRAVE! WHATEVER ELSE HE WAS, HE WAS A HUMAN BEING!

I DON'T SEE WHY—AFTER THE WAY HE AND HIS TRIBE HAVE BEEN PLUNDERING REDSKIN AND PALESKIN ALIKE... COUGH! COUGH!



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BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



AN HOUR LATER, AFTER BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER HAVE JOINED IN THE EVENING MEAL...



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



THIS GREEN AND WHITE FEATHER STANDS FOR MY BATTLE WITH A MONSTER PANTHER WHO KILLED THREE HUNDRED LAMBS! I KILLED HIM WITH MY KNIFE!



THIS GOLDEN FEATHER CELEBRATES THE TIME I ENDED A BLOODY WAR WITH THE PIUTE TRIBE WHEN I SNEAKED INTO THEIR CAMP AND CAPTURED THE CHIEF HIMSELF!



THIS BLUE FEATHER WITH ORANGE STREAKS RECALLS THE TIME I STARTED A PRAIRIE FIRE AND TURNED BACK A STAMPEDE OF A BUFFALO HERD FROM OUR HUNTING CAMP!



AN HOUR LATER...

YOUR ADVENTURES ARE AMAZING, CHIEF LONG ARROW! BUT WHICH WAS YOUR STRANGEST EXPERIENCE?

THIS ONE...THE PURPLE FEATHER-IT HAPPENED MORE THAN NINETY YEARS AGO!



"I AND MY FRIENDS-THEY ARE ALL DEAD NOW-WERE HUNTING FOR WILD SHEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS! SUDDENLY MY COMPANIONS DISAPPEARED! I LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR THEM...THEN I HEARD STRANGE SOUNDS..."

COUGH! COUGH!

IT IS THEM! THEY ARE UP THERE IN THE CAVES!



"BUT WHAT A STATE I FOUND THEM IN-CHOKING, GASPING FOR AIR, TOO WEAK TO MOVE! THE AIR WAS FOUL, AS IF THE EVIL SPIRIT HAD BREATHED UPON THEM..."

IF I DO NOT DRAG THEM INTO THE AIR, THEY WILL DIE!



"ONE BY ONE I CARRIED MY COMPANIONS OUT! I NEARLY DIED OF THE SMELL! WITH ONE HAND I CARRIED MY FRIENDS WITH THE OTHER I KEPT THE STENCH OUT OF MY NOSTRILS..."

WH...WHAT IS IT, LONG ARROW? WHAT IS THIS FOUL SMELL THAT MAKES BREATHING IMPOSSIBLE?

I DO NOT KNOW, BUT THE OLD MEN OF THE TRIBE TELL OF MANY SECRETS IN THE MOUNTAINS WHICH NO MAN CAN LEARN EXCEPT ON PAIN OF DEATH!

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



I'VE HAD MY ADVENTURES! I'D GLADLY EXCHANGE THE NEXT 100 YEARS TO RELIVE SOME OF THEM!

YOU MAY WELL BE PROUD OF YOUR COUP-STICK, LONG ARROW!

YOU BET! MAWN! GOSH I'M SLEEPY!



BLACK DIAMOND, YOU KNOW MANY THINGS! WHAT WAS THAT FOUL SMELL THAT ALMOST TOOK THE LIVES OF MY FRIENDS?

WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS SOME NATURAL GAS BEHIND THE WALLS OF THE CAVE!

ENOUGH STORIES, GREAT GRAND-FATHER! THESE MEN ARE TIRED! HERE ARE YOUR SLEEPING MATS!



NICE OLD GENT, THAT CHIEF LONG ARROW! HE'S HAD ENOUGH ADVENTURES TO FILL THE LIVES OF TWENTY BRAVES!

YES, BUT IT WAS NOT LOVE OF ADVENTURE ALONE THAT PRODUCED SUCH HEROISM! IT WAS LOVE FOR HIS FELLOWMEN!



TAKE THAT PURPLE FEATHER ADVENTURE—NOT EVEN KNOWING WHAT THE GAS WOULD DO TO HIM, LONG ARROW PLUNGED INSIDE THE CAVE! BUMPER! HMM... HE'S ASLEEP! GUESS I'LL TURN IN, TOO!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

GOOD LUCK BE WITH YOU, BLACK DIAMOND! TEACH THOSE TIGERS CUTTHROATS A LESSON!

WE WILL, LONG ARROW! FAREWELL, GREY DAWN AND GOOD HUNTING!

YOU, TOO, NORCE PALE-FACE! WE BOTH HUNT BEASTS, THOUGH YOURS WALK ON TWO LEGS!



HOURS LATER, AT THE HEIGHT OF NOON...

HERE'S THEIR TRAIL BUMPER PLAIN AS DAY! INJUN PONY AND APACHE FOOT-PRINTS HARDENED IN LAST NIGHT'S WET MUD!

IN FACT, WE'RE CLOSER THAN WE THINK! LOOK—THERE'S SMOKE RISING BEYOND THOSE TREES!

SHORTLY AFTER AS BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER LEAVE THEIR HORSES BEHIND...



HMM...IT'S NOT THE MAIN BUNCH! IT'S A HUNTING PARTY DRESSING GAME! MAYBE WE CAN SNEAK UP ON EM, BUMPER!

OKAY, WE'LL... COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!



SOME BODY IS IN THE BUSHES!

C...CURSE MY COLD BOB! THAT COUGH SAVED US AWAY! COUGH! COUGH!

YOU COULDN'T HELP IT, BUMPER! WATCH IT—THEY'RE FULL OF FIGHT!

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



THE PREVIOUS MINUTES BOY BUMPER STRAINS HIS MUSCLES TO KEEP THE HORSES FROM SINKING! BLACK DIAMOND'S FINGERS... RUN EVEN FASTER...

I'LL BE READY IN A SECOND! I JUST GOT TO TWIST THIS CROSS STICK AROUND THE MAIN STAKE!



HERE WE GO! KEEP YOUR FINGERS, (CROSSED BUMPER)

IT'S WORKING, BOB! RELIARON'S COMING OUT OF THE BOG!

RELIARON WILL BE ON DRY LAND IN A SECOND! THEN WE'LL MAKE A SECOND WIND-LASS FOR EL LOBO!



WE DID IT! THOSE HORSES WOULD BE AT THE BOTTOM IF NOT FOR YOUR WINDLASS, DIAMOND!

WE ARE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET, BUMPER! THE APACHES WHO GOT AWAY WILL TIP OFF THE MAIN RACK! LET'S GET MOVING!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON JUST BEFORE DUSK, DIAMOND AND BUMPER APPROACH TWO SENTRIES AT THE APACHE CAMP!

MAYNIP!

KEEP HIM QUIET! I'LL GET THE OTHER ONE!



LET'S HOPE THE REST OF THE APACHE BAND IS NO TOUGHER THAN THEY WERE!

LET'S NOT GET COCKY, BUMPER! WE CAN'T FIGHT FIFTY MEN! OUR JOB IS TO TRACK THESE DEVILS DOWN AND THEN SPRING A TRAP ON THEM WITH SOME OUTSIDE HELP!



MOMENTS LATER...

DIAMOND, LOOK!

GREAT GUNS! THE APACHES HAVE CAPTURED A DOZEN PUEBLOS!



IT'S CHIEF LONG ARROW AND SOME SQUAWS FROM GREY DAWN'S PUEBLO VILLAGE! THE MAIN RACK OF APACHES MUST'VE SWOOPED DOWN ON THEM AFTER WE LEFT THIS MORNING!

BUT IF YOUNG TIGER INTENDS TO HOLD THEM AS HOSTAGES WHY ARE THEY DIGGING TORTURE RITS?



FOR TWO REASONS! HOSTAGES WOULD ONLY SLOW UP THEIR MOVEMENTS! SECOND, YOUNG TIGER PROBABLY FIGURES ON COLLECTING A RANSOM FROM GREY DAWN FOR DEAD HOSTAGES! LOOK OVER THERE, BUMPER! WHAT DO YOU SEE?

INJUN PONIES! WHY?

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



IN THEIR FRANTIC EFFORT TO RECOVER STAMPED HORSES, THE APACHES FORGOT THEIR HOSTAGES...



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



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BLACK DIAMOND

meets "RED" BARKER, THE MAN WHO WAS GIVEN ENOUGH ROPE-AND USED IT"



RED BARKER WAS A MAN OF MOODS TEMPER, RUTHLESS, BRUTAL! EVEN IN AMARILLO, TEXAS, A TOWN USED TO SUN PLAY, BRAVE MEN QUAKED AT THE MENTION OF THIS FAST-SHOOTING OUTLAW! AMARILLO WAS IN THE TERRITORY NEWLY ASSIGNED TO THE MASKED MARSHAL BLACK DIAMOND! IT WAS NEVITABLE THAT THESE TWO MEN, AT OPPOSITE EXTREMES OF THE LAW SHOULD MEET WITH EXPLOSIVE FORCE! BUT DESPITE THE BEST EFFORTS OF THE GOVERNMENT'S MOST BRILLIANT MARSHAL IT LOOKED AS THOUGH RED BARKER WOULD NEVER HANG FOR MURDER!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

FRIGHTENED BY THE CHARGING
FALCONING BARKER'S HORSE
SKIDS IN THE DUST...



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



YAH! BARKER FINALLY MET UP WITH SOMEONE TOUGHER IN HIMSELF!

THERE'S THE SHERIFF NOW. BUMPER-DON'T LET BARKER LOOSE!

HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE!

HEY, SHERIFF, THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BLACK DIAMOND!

YOU MUST BE SHERIFF TOM KELTON! WE SEEM TO HAVE CAUGHT A CANDIDATE FOR THE GALLOWS... IF THE MAN HE SHOT BACK THERE IS DEAD! HIS GANG GOT AWAY!

HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT, BUT BARKER'S HAD A ROPE WAITING FOR A LONG TIME! WE NEVER KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING TO STRIKE NEXT! I HAD A HUNCH HE'D COME TODAY, BUT WE WERE WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN! THAT'S WHY WE TOOK SO LONG GETTING HERE!



I'LL PUT HIM BEHIND BARS! WE'LL PUT HIM ON TRIAL FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING! WILL YOU BE THERE AS WITNESSES?

SURE THING, SHERIFF!

WITH THE OVERWHELMING EVIDENCE AGAINST BARKER, HIS TRIAL TOOK LESS THAN A HALF HOUR...

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!

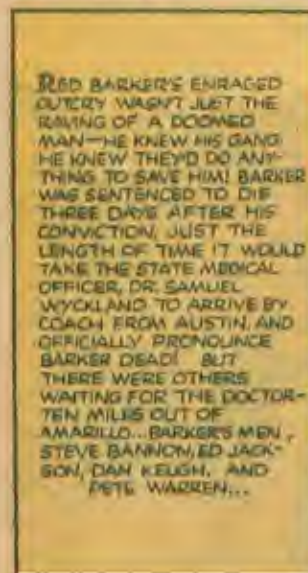
YOU, DIAMOND, YOU DID THIS TO ME! I'LL GET YOU YET!



NO, YOU WON'T, BARKER! I'D LIKE JUST ONE CHANCE TO TAKE A SOCK AT YOU!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU BIG ON! I'LL GET YOU, TOO! I'M NOT DEAD YET!

LOCK HIM UP!



RED BARKER'S ENRAGED OUTCRY WASN'T JUST THE RAVING OF A DOOMED MAN—HE KNEW HIS GANG HE KNEW THEY'D DO ANYTHING TO SAVE HIM! BARKER WAS SENTENCED TO DIE THREE DAYS AFTER HIS CONVICTION, JUST THE LENGTH OF TIME IT WOULD TAKE THE STATE MEDICAL OFFICER, DR. SAMUEL WYCKLAND, TO ARRIVE BY COACH FROM AUSTIN, AND OFFICIALLY PRONOUNCE BARKER DEAD! BUT THERE WERE OTHERS WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR—TEN MILES OUT OF AMARILLO... BARKER'S MEN, STEVE BANNON, ED JACKSON, DAN KUGH, AND PETE WARREN...

THE STAGE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! BETTER GET READY!

YEAH—WE DON'T WANNA MISS THE DOC!



BRING THE GLASSES, DAN—WE GOT TO MAKE SURE BEFORE WE BLOCK THE ROAD!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

HALF AN HOUR LATER, BARKER'S MEN REACH THE OUTSKIRTS OF AMARILLO...

PULL UP IN SOME SIDE-ROAD, PETE-ED AND DAN WILL HAVE TO WALK FROM HERE!



THERE'S THE BUILDING THAT FACES THE GALLOWES! PLANT YOURSELVES THERE! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

RIGHT! GOOD LUCK, "DOC"!



...DOCTOR WYCKLAND!

YES! GLAD TO KNOW YOU, SHERIFF KELTON! SORRY TO BE A LITTLE LATE—IT'S BEEN A LONG TRIP! WELL, CAN WE GET RIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS?

SHERIFF OFFICE



BRING OUT THE PRISONER!

I'M THE U.S. MARSHAL, DR. WYCKLAND! THIS IS MY SIDEKICK, BUMPER!

WHY YOU MUST BE THE BLACK DIAMOND! IT'S AN HONOR TO MEET YOU, SIR!



SO YOU'RE THE DOC THAT'S GOIN' TO MAKE SURE I'M DEAD! IT SEEMS TO ME AFTER A MAN'S HAD HIS NECK BROKE, AND STOPS BREATHIN', ANY FOOL OUGHT TO KNOW HE'S DEAD!

DON'T MIND HIM, DOC—BARKER IS TRYIN' TO STAY TOUGH RIGHT UP TO THE END! LET'S GO GET OVER WITH!

HMMM!



YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE BUMPER AND ME, SHERIFF! OUR JOB IS BRINGING IN CRIMINALS...NOT WATCHING THEM GET HANGED!

OKAY, DIAMOND! SEE YOU LATER!



...AS SHERIFF OF AMARILLO COUNTY, IT IS MY DUTY TO CARRY OUT THE LAWS! THEREFORE, THIS DAY, THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER...

LISTEN, MISTER, AND LISTEN GOOD! THERE'S SIX SLUGS IN THIS GUN, AND YOU'LL GET 'EM ALL UNLESS YOU DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD! MAKE THAT ROPE PLENTY LONG SO BARKER WILL LAND SAFELY ON HIS FEET! TAKE A LOOK UP ON TOP OF THE BUILDINGS! THOSE RIFLES ARE POINTED AT YOUR HEAD! WE MEAN BUSINESS!





BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

BARKER AND HIS GANG WERE FAR ENOUGH AHEAD OF THE POSSE TO LOSE THEM TEMPORARILY BUT THEY KNEW THEY'D HAVE TO MAKE A FIGHT FOR IT! STEVE SUGGESTED THEY COULD USE THE REAL WYCKLAND AS A HOSTAGE TO COVER THEIR ESCAPE...

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, STEVE! THESE TIRED NASS WON'T GET US FAR! IF THE SHERIFF WON'T BARGAIN WITH US, WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT IT OUT!



HE'S GONE! THE DOC LIT OUT... CHAIR AN' ALL! HE WAS TIED TO THE CHAIR HAND AN' FOOT!

WHAT? WELL, HE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR LIKE THAT! SPREAD OUT AN' SEARCH FOR HIM!

THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT! I HEAR HORSES! THE POSSES COMIN'!



LISTEN YOU MEN IN THERE— THIS IS THE SHERIFF TALKING! DON'T DIE FOR RED BARKER! COME OUT AND YOU ALL GET A FAIR TRIAL!

AND ALL HANG TOGETHER! WE'LL STAY RIGHT HERE AND FIGHT! THERE'S YOUR ANSWER!

WE GOT ONE THING ON OUR SIDE— IT'S GETTIN' LATE— IT'LL BE DARK IN ANOTHER HOUR! IF WE LAST THAT LONG!



THE BARKER GANG LASTED ALL RIGHT— FOR AN HOUR AND A HALF... THEN...

WHAT IS IT, BUMPER!

I HEARD RUSTLING IN THE BUSHES BACK OF US, DIAMOND! MAYBE IT'S ONE OF BARKER'S GANG!



HEY, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT, MY DRIVER, AND TIED ME DIAMOND! HA! HA! HA!

I HAD NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER! THOSE SCOUNDRELS STOPPED MY COACH, SHOT UP IN THEIR CABIN! AFTER THEY LEFT I FOUND I WAS ABLE TO HOP OUT! I WENT AS FAR AS I COULD! WHEN I HEARD THE SHOOTING, I KNEW THE LAW HAD COME! SAY YOU'RE THE BLACK DIAMOND, AREN'T YOU!



I CAN'T THINK OF HAPPIER OCCASIONS ON WHICH TO MEET YOU, BLACK DIAMOND— BUT RIGHT NOW I WANT JUST ONE THING— TO TAKE A SHOT AT THOSE CRITTERS!

HERE YOU ARE, DOC— TAKE YOUR SHOT— YOU CAN USE MY SIXER!



MY HANDS SO SHAKY I'M NOT SURE I CAN HIT THE CABIN— LET ALONE A MAN!

WELL, PULL THE TRIGGER AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS, DOC!



DR. WYCKLAND FIRED— HIS BULLET SHRIEKED THROUGH A WINDOW OF THE CABIN, AND



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

THE EXPLODING LANTERN SENDS BURNING OIL OVER THE CABIN...



WE'D ROAST TRYIN' TO GET ACROSS TO THE BACK! WHAT'LL WE DO, RED?

I'M GOING OUT THE BACK! TIGHT LUCK, BOYS... YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT YOUR WAY OUT OR SURRENDER AND HANG!



WITH BLACK DIAMOND IN HOT PURSUIT OF BARKER, BUMPER FOLLOWS AS THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF BARKER'S MOB ARE BLOWN TO BITS...



KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU MASKED DEVIL!



AISEE!



IT'S JUST AS WELL, DIAMOND! IT SAVES US THE JOB! ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, RED BARKER HAD TO HANG!

IT'S LIKE I ALWAYS SAY - GIVE A MAN ENOUGH ROPE, AND HE'LL HANG HIMSELF!

THE END

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The Trapper Who Was Trapped



With the first breath of spring in the air Guy's restlessness and eagerness to get to the yearly Beaver Trappers' and Agents' rendez-vous were apparent to Old Beaver. Old Beaver remembered when he had felt the same, when it was time to gather the pelts together and travel the long way to the rendez-vous at Tyson's Hole. Now for the first time in several years that old feeling returned again.

Old Beaver and Guy talked little about the agents and the "doings" at the rendez-vous as they had a silent understanding and seemed to give the matter little thought. So Old Beaver just held his breath and hoped that he and Guy would come through the dealings unscathed.

With Guy it was different. Old Beaver thought. He was young and this was his first year of trapping the headwaters. After months in the wilderness he was quite ready for the sociability of the rendez-vous—more so than in the actual trading with the agents of the fur companies.

Guy, in the meantime, turned his thoughts to Old Beaver as the two rode slowly down the river trail—beaver pelts packed and alert for Indians at every turn.

Old Beaver had acquired his name because he was the best beaver trapper in the area. In fact, no one knew what his real name was. Guy had felt honored to accompany him on his trapping expedition this

past year because he knew he could learn more from Old Beaver than from anyone else in the territory. And Guy had learned. He now knew where to go, what to look for and all the little tricks of the trade that Old Beaver had learned by hard experience—the things that had gained Old Beaver his reputation among the trappers.

Guy felt that he knew Old Beaver better than anyone else did, and Guy respected his knowledge, honored his friendship and understood Old Beaver's weakness. It was mainly because of the latter that Guy had the privilege of accompanying Old Beaver on this season's trapping expedition.

Guy had come west, a greenhorn, only the year before. He knew the agents of the fur companies had a rendez-vous with the trappers every year, so managed to accompany the agents to Tyson's Hole hoping he could join the trappers. Since Guy was a greenhorn and only joined the agents to get west, the agents didn't go overboard to befriend him. They gave him everything he needed, led him to the rendez-vous and turned him loose among the trappers.

But Guy was not as much of a greenhorn as the agents took him to be. His ears were always open, as were his eyes, and he didn't miss much. He noticed that not only did the agents come loaded with cash to pay for the pelts but there was a pretty heavy load of whiskey along. Putting two and two together Guy could figure that out pretty well; there-

fore, as they approached Tyson's Hole he was even more alert than ever.

When Guy made his way among the trappers he became fascinated with their tales of adventure and became more and more determined to become one of their lot. But, they were a tough bunch to crack and it wasn't everyone who could join up with them. Somehow he had to prove that he had the "whatever was necessary" to become one of them. As the trappers worked in from their various outposts Guy finally noticed a pattern in the dealings with the agents.

The agents were only too willing to pay them a good price for their furs and pat them on the back. The agents let it be known that they had brought plenty of what it takes for a special celebration. The trappers in turn would pay the agents for liquor and then the celebrating would start. More transactions would ensue, and the celebrating at the rendez-vous would become more intense. Sooner or later gambling would start—someone always had sufficient equipment for any type of gambling — and then, after some trappers would return to the hills without furs, without money. The agents would return to the companies with the furs and, in their own pockets, practically the same amount of money they'd come west with.

This whole system was working itself out in Guy's mind the night he met Old Beaver. He'd been hearing about Old Beaver from the lips of every trapper who had wandered into the Tyson Hole rendez-vous. Guy met him and immediately took a liking to him. Old Beaver was not old, he'd only aged from the rugged life he'd led for the past years. He had an honesty in his eyes that appealed to Guy and a love of the wild and remote places to which his trapping led him.

That night, Old Beaver turned his pelts over to the agents. As always, Old Beaver had more, and much superior, beaver pelts than any other trapper. The agents were willing to pay him well. Then the trouble began.

An agent offered Old Beaver a drink which he refused at first. Being pressed by the agent, he accepted and before long he was buying for all the trappers. Then a crap game started. At the same time, Guy, who had been watching this growing operation, could stand it no longer. Had he not been a greenhorn he probably never would have done what he did. Just as Old Beaver was ready to enter the game, Guy rushed up to

him and said, "Old Beaver, I've got to talk to you!"

Old Beaver brushed him aside with, "Ah, let's talk tomorrow, kid."

"No, I must talk to you now," brazenly continued Guy.

"All right, spill it fast, kid," muttered the disgruntled Beaver.

"I mean privately," announced Guy.

"Let it wait," said Beaver paying little attention, his eyes on the rolling dice.

"It can't wait," said Guy as he pulled the unwilling Beaver away from the game. Finally they reached the outskirts of the crowd which was gathering around the game and Beaver said, "Okay, what's on your mind? Spill it."

"Nothing really," said the honest Guy. "I just wanted to get you away from that game before you really got cleaned out."

"Well, who are you to tell me what to do? If I want to play, I'll play," replied the incensed Beaver.

Guy, realizing that he'd put his foot in it now, and that Old Beaver was pretty drunk and couldn't be talked out of anything, merely slugged Beaver on the chin. Beaver collapsed quietly and Guy carried him to his camp and settled him down for the night, then stayed close by till morning.

Guy awoke the next morning with apprehension because of his presumptuous action of the night before. Every time Old Beaver stirred, as if awake, Guy wondered if Beaver would come to with great resentment and send him packing right back where he came from.

But the next morning Old Beaver had little recollection of the happenings of the previous night and as he slowly pieced together the fragments that he retained, he knew Guy had saved him (for some unknown reason) from needlessly squandering his hard earned profit.

Little was said after Old Beaver had figured it all out. He merely turned to Guy and said, "Thanks, kid, no one has ever had the guts to help me out like that before. Why don't you join up with me?"

Now a year had passed and once again, Old Beaver approached the rendez-vous, but this year he knew his hard-earned money was safe. Guy approached with a great deal of excitement. As they neared Tyson's Hole, Beaver smiled reminiscently and said to Guy, "Looks like I'll have to look after you this year, kid."

THE END

WE CAN STOP the ENEMIES OF YOUTH



THE DOPE MENACE IS INJURING OUR YOUTH... GIRLS AND YOUNG MEN ARE ROBBED OF THEIR RIGHT TO HAPPINESS BY CRUEL AND DANGEROUS CHARACTERS WHO INDUCE THEM TO FALL PREY TO DOPE... ALL YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN SHOULD REPORT DOPE PEDDLERS TO THEIR PARENTS, THEIR CLERGYMEN, THEIR TEACHERS, THE POLICE, OR THE NEAREST SOCIAL SERVICE AGENCY... THE COMICS MAGAZINE INDUSTRY PLEDGES ITSELF TO AID YOUNGSTERS IN THEIR FIGHT AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF YOUTH-- THE DOPE PEDDLERS...

PREPARED THROUGH THE COOPERATION OF NEW YORK CITY YOUTH BOARD AND THE ASSOCIATION OF COMICS MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS...

BLACK DIAMOND

encounters the "SCOURGE OF THE STAGECOACHES"



THE KIOWA TRAIL, NEVER A PEACEFUL HIGHWAY, HAD BECOME A GRAVEYARD FOR STAGECOACHES! NO LONGER DID THE HOPEFUL PASSENGER ARRIVE AT THE TOWN STAMPED ON HIS TICKET! COMMUNICATIONS IN KIOWA TERRITORY THREATENED TO BECOME EXTINCT WHEN BLACK DIAMOND APPEARED ON THE SCENE TO RISK HIS LIFE AGAINST THE "SCOURGE OF THE STAGECOACHES!"

ALUSTER

IN 1873, SHARPVILLE, OKLAHOMA, HAD GIVEN PROMISE OF BECOMING A FAST GROWING CITY! NOW IN THE FALL OF 1873, A CITY OF 'GHOSTS' HAD BECOME A DISTINCT POSSIBILITY...

WE AIN'T TRAVELING ON THIS STAGE, MISTER! YOU PROMISED US AN ESCORT OF SIX RIFLE MEN, NOT THREE! GET OFF, MARIE!

BUT IT'S NOT MY FAULT, MISTER! I ORDERED US AN ESCORT OF SIX RIFLEMEN FOR THIS TRIP, BUT ONLY THREE SHOWED UP!

HUBBAR LINES



AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE PORCH OF THE SHARPVILLE PALACE GAMBLING HALL...

WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT, GUS? THE STAGE AGAIN?

YES, MISS RITA! IT'S GETTIN' WORSE ALL THE TIME! FOLKS WILL MAKE AN EXTRA 300 MILE DETOUR RATHER THAN TAKE THE KIOWA TRAIL! HALF THE PASSENGERS ARE PILIN' OUT 'CAUSE THE ESCORT ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



I DON'T BLAME THE POOR SOULS! BUT IT WHY DOESN'T THE LINE CHANGE ITS SCHEDULES?

THEY TRIED IT, MRS. RITA! BUT IT DIDN'T HELP! THE KUWIAS OUTGUESS THE STAGE LINE AS THOUGH THEY WERE MIND READERS!

OUTGUESS, BUSHWA! THERE'S JUST ONE HONORABLE RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE RAIDS—INJUN TOM RANSE, THE OUTLAW!



THERE GOES RANSE NOW! PROBABLY LAUGHIN' UP HIS SLEEVE AT EVERYBODY! HE SHOULD BE TWRILIN' FROM THE END OF A GALLOW'S ROPES!

MEBBE YOU'RE RIGHT, ZEB! RANSE SURE HAS A GRUDGE AGAINST THE STAGE LINE! THE HUBBARDS CAUGHT HIM STEALIN' ONE OF THEIR SHIPMENTS AN' RANSE WENT TO JAIL FOR TWO YEARS!



ANOTHER THING—THEY DON'T CALL RANSE "INJUN TOM" FOR NOthin'! RANSE TRADED PLENTY AMONG THE REDSKINE... INCLUDIN' GUNS AN' LIKKER!

IT ADDS UP, ZEB! BUT WE CAN'T PROVE ANYthin' ON HIM!

SHERIFF HAYES IS NO FOOL! MAYBE IF WE RAISE A FUZZ, HE'LL DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

MEANWHILE, AT HUBBARD'S STAGECOACH OFFICE...



THIS CAN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER! OUR COACHES PULLING OUT AT HALF CAPACITY AND WITH EXTRA SALARIES FOR RIFLE ESCORTS! WE'LL GO BANKRUPT IN A MONTH!

IT'S BEEN LIKE THIS EVER SINCE YOUNG HUBBARD GOT KILLED! IT AIN'T BAD ENOUGH OLD MAN HUBBARD LOST HIS SON! NOW, HE'LL LOSE HIS BUSINESS, TOO!

TWO HOURS LATER DOWN THE KUOWA TRAIL...



NOT A SIGN OF AN INJUN YET! MEBBE WE'LL BE LUCKY THIS TRIP! COKE VALLEY STATION AIN'T MORE'N TWO MILES AHEAD...

DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY'RE HATCHED! THEM KUOWAS ARE NATURAL BORN SNEAKS! THEY AIN'T ADVERTISIN' THEIR ATTACK, YA KNOW...



WHAT BEATS ME IS WHAT ARE THE KUOWAS AFTER! THEY CAN DO THE SETTLERS MORE HARM PICKIN' ON RANCHES, SMALL TOWNS, WAGON TRAINS, AN' SUCH!

YEP! IT'S A MYSTERY! ONLY UNTIL IT BE'S SOLVED, GUYS LIKE YOU AN' ME ARE STICKIN' OUR NECKS OUT! THERE'S COKE VALLEY STATION AHEAD!



HEY! THE PLACE LOOKS DESERTED!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! THEY SHOULD BE OUT HERE TO MEET US!

IT'S THE KIOWAS! THEY'VE MASSACRED THE STATION! LET'S GIT OUTA HERE! WHIP THEM HORSES!

I KNEW SOMETHING WAS UP! EVERYTHING LOOKED TOO DARN CALM! 'CURSE THEIR DAINTED HIDES! C'MON—LET'S GO!



AS THE STAGE RETREATS BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER, ATTRACTED BY SHOOTING, APPROACH!

DIAMOND—LOON! THAT'S WHERE THE SHOOTING WE HEARD CAME FROM!

IT'S A PACK OF KIOWAS YIPPING AT THE HEELS OF A STAGECOACH! LET'S GO GET 'EM, BUMPER! C'MON, RELIAPON!

BANG! BANG!

BANG!

STAY WITH THE WAGON, BUMPER! I'LL TRY MAPPING 'EM UP FROM BEHIND!

BANG! BANG! EEEA!

YIII!

FASTER, DRIVER, FASTER! I'LL KEEP 'EM AWAY FROM YOUR TEAM!

YIII!

OH!!



WITH BUMPER'S HELP DIAMOND PICKS OFF THE INDIANS WITH EASE UNTIL THE REMAINING ONES RETREAT!



YEEH!

TURN BACK! WE CANNOT FIGHT THESE DEMONS! OH!!

NO WONDER THEM CUT-THROATS DON'T STAND A CHANCE! IT'S BLACK DIAMOND! PARDNER, WE WERE IN REAL TROUBLE WHEN YOU SHOWED UP!

SO THIS IS WHAT PEOPLE MEAN WHEN THEY SAY THAT THE KIOWA TRAIL IS THE SHORTEST CUT TO THE CEMETARY!

THEY'RE A BAD LOT, THE KIOWAS! THEY'RE NON-AGRICULTURAL, UNSETTLED, WAR-LIKE MURDERERS! THEY DON'T CARE WHOM THEY RAID—MEXICANS, AMERICANS, OR OTHER INDIANS...

BUT LATELY THEY'RE CON-CENTRATIN' ON THE HUBBARD STAGE LINES! I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



IT'S CREEPY THE WAY THEY TIME THEIR ATTACKS! IT'S LIKE THEY WERE TIPPED OFF! BUT WHY ARE THEY GUNNIN' FOR US? WHO'S TIPPIN' 'EM OFF?

PERHAPS SOMEONE HAS A GRUDGE AGAINST THE LINE! SUPPOSE YOU GO ON BACK TO BRUCETON! WE'LL GO BACK TO SHARPSVILLE AND SEE IF WE CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY!



THE STAGE COACH IS PRETTY SLAM PICKINGS FOR KIDNAPAS ON THE WARPATH, DIAMOND! YET FOR THREE MONTHS, THEY'VE DONE NOTHING BUT ATTACK THE HUBBARD LINES! WHAT MAKES THEM HATE THE HUBBARD LINES!

I RECKON WE'LL LEARN THE ANSWER IN SHARPSVILLE! C'MON!

TWO HOURS LATER, IN SHARPSVILLE...



WE JUST HEARD THE TERRIBLE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH. BLACK DIAMOND! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, THE DEATH LIST WOULD BE EVEN GREATER!

MR. HUBBARD, THESE KILLINGS ARE BOUND TO GO ON UNLESS WE LEARN WHO'S TRYING TO REVENGE THEMSELVES ON YOU BY THESE KIDNAP RAIDS!



JEST A MINUTE, MR. HUBBARD! THE WHOLE TOWN'S BEEN BUZZIN' WITH THE STATION MASSACRE, BUT WE KNOW WHO'S BEHIND IT ALL!

NAME HIM, BY HEAVEN, AND WE'LL HANG HIM!

IT'S INJUN TOM RANSE!



WASN'T RANSE THE OUTLAW MY SON ELLIOT CAUGHT THIEVING ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO!

YEP, RANSE DID FIVE YEARS FOR THAT ROBBERY! HE DID ANOTHER SIX YEARS BEFORE THAT FOR TRAFFICKING WITH THE KIDNAPERS AND COWBOYS!

WHERE'S YOUR EVIDENCE THAT RANSE IS GUILTY NOW!



BLACK DIAMOND'S HERE, EH? WELL, MARSHAL, IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT RANSE, YOU KNOW HE'S UP TO NO GOOD! WE'RE GOING OVER TO THE CRYSTAL BAR NOW TO BRING HIM IN!

THERE MUST BE A SPECIFIC CHARGE, SHERIFF! OLD CRIMES FOR WHICH HE HAS PAID WON'T DO!



LOOK HERE, MARSHAL! I'M THE PEACE OFFICER IN SHARPSVILLE! AN' I SAY WE AIN'T WAITIN' WITH FOLDED HANDS TILL THE VARMINT STABS MORE INNOCENT PEOPLE IN THE BACK! C'MON, MEN! LET'S GO GIT RANSE!

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

BUT BEFORE THE SHERIFF COULD ACT...

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, SHERIFF! I AIN'T GETTIN' LYNCHED JUST BECAUSE YOU BUZZARDS GOTTA HAVE A SCAPEGOAT!

RANSE! YOU'RE OBSTRUCTIN' JUSTICE! TRY TO STOP ME FROM ARRESTIN' YUH AN' I'LL SEE THAT YOUR DINKY BELLY-UP BY SUNDOWN!

THAT FOOL SHERIFF DOESN'T KNOW HIS BUSINESS! LET'S BREAK THIS UP BLUMPER, BEFORE HE DRAWS INNOCENT BLOOD!

RIGHT! DIAMOND! I LIKE TO SEE JUSTICE DONE, EVEN FOR AN EX-CONVICT!



LET'S TAKE THEM COYOTES BY STORM! WE'LL YIIII!

THAT'LL BE ENOUGH, SHERIFF! RANSE IS INNOCENT UNTIL HE'S PROVEN GUILTY! CLEAR THESE STREETS AND SEND THE MOB OUT!

KINDA SWINGIN' YOUR WEIGHT AROUND AINT YOU, BLACK DIAMOND-TAKIN' THE PART OF A CRIMINAL AGIN' THE LAWS OF SHARPSVILLE!

LOOK, SHERIFF! I KNOW YOU WANT ACTION! BUT YOU'LL GET NOWHERE HANGIN' THE WRONG PARTY! C'MON, BLUMPER, LET'S TALK TO RANSE!

INSIDE THE "CRYSTAL BAR" SALOON A MOMENT LATER...

SO YOU WANT TO COME IN AN' TALK? NOthin' DOIN'! I CAN'T TRUST YOU! YOU MIGHT TRY TO GIT THE DROP ON ME SAME AS THAT BONE-HEAD SHERIFF!

THEN, WE'LL COME IN WITHOUT GUNS! I'M DROPPIN' MY GUN BEET, RANSE! MY FRIENDS DOING LIKEWISE!

HOW COME YOU AIN'T OF THE SAME MIND AS THE SHERIFF? HE THINKS WE BEEN GITTIN' THE KIDNAPERS TO RAID THE HUBBARD LINES BECAUSE YOUNG HUBBARD SENT US TO PRISON!

IT'S THE WIDEST! MAYBE A GOOD IDEA! WHAT'S YOUR VERSION OF THESE GAUS, RANSE?

I GOT NO IDEA! I DONE MY TIME, AN' I DON'T HAVE TO ACCOUNT TO NOBODY FOR WHAT I DID NOW—YOU INCLUDED!

GETTIN' SURELY WOIN' HELP YOU, RANSE! PEOPLE IN TOWN SUSPECT YOU ENOUGH TO STRING YOU UP! HELP ME GET AT THE TRUTH!

TRUTH DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! NONE OF YUH WOULD GIVE AN EX-CONVICT A FAIR DEAL! NOW VAMMOSE BEFORE I BLOW YOUR HEART OUT! I DON'T WANT YOUR BLASTED HELP—AN' NOBODY ELSE'S EITHER!

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN
THEN WITH HIS UNCANNY SENSE OF DANGER, BLACK
DIAMOND STRIKES...



MOMENTS LATER, IN RITA GALE'S ROOM AT THE SHARPSVILLE PALACE...

I THINK I KNOW WHY RANSE IS WORKING WITH THE KIOWAS! HE BLURTED HIS SECRET OUT ONE NIGHT WHILE HE WAS DRUNK! HE IS SECRETLY TRYING TO ESTABLISH A RIVAL STAGECOACH LINE! THAT MEANS HE'LL HAVE TO DESTROY THE HUBBARD LINE FIRST! IN FACT, THAT'S WHAT I TOLD THE SHERIFF BEFORE YOU STOPPED HIS ARREST! BUT NO HARM DONE! RANSE WILL GET HIS JUST DESERTS IN THE END!



IN THAT CASE LET ME BE PRESENT WHEN YOU ACCUSE HIM! HE WON'T DARE DENY AT IN FRONT OF ME! WHERE ARE YOU STANING?



WE'RE JUST PASSING THROUGH! SUPPOSE YOU MEET US AT THE STAGE TERMINAL TONIGHT? MR HUBBARD WILL BE THERE!

THAT NIGHT, AFTER SUPPER...

UHM... THAT VENISON STEAK WAS GOOD! TELL ME, DIAMOND, DO YOU THINK THAT CABARET DANCER, RITA, HAS THE STRAIGHT GOODS ON RANSE?

SHE MADE SENSE! ANYWAY WE'LL KNOW IN A LITTLE WHILE! HMM... THE STAGE IS PULLING OUT TONIGHT! THAT TAKES COURAGE!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

IN THAT SPLIT SECOND OUT OF NOWHERE...

BUMPER! LOOK OUT! THAT SHADOW ON THE STREET! SOMEBODY'S ON THE ROOF WITH A GUN!

WHE... OWWW!

BANG!

THANK HEAVENS, IT'S ONLY A ARM WOUND, BUMPER. GO TO THE HUBBARD STAGE OFFICE AND GET IT BANDAGED! I'LL SEE YOU THERE LATER! I'M GOING AFTER THAT COYOTE!

TEN TO ONE, IT'S RANSE! OWWW—THIS THING BURNS

MOMENTS LATER, ON THE ROOFTOP...

RANSE'S GUN! IT'S GOT HIS INITIALS ON IT!... BUT WHY WOULD HE LEAVE SUCH INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE BEHIND? ALSO HIS KERCHIEF!

WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S PERFUME CLUNG TO IT!... I KNOW THIS SASS!

MINUTES LATER, ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF RITA GALE'S ROOMING HOUSE...

THAT GIRL IS AN UNFRIENDLY SOB! ALWAYS KEEPS THE DOOR LOCKED AND WON'T LET ANYBODY COME IN TO STRAIGHTEN UP!

NO WONDER, MA'AM, SHE DOESN'T WANT ANYBODY POKING AROUND HER BELONGINGS! LOOK AT THIS TELEGRAPH KEY—IT COULD BE ATTACHED TO THAT TELEGRAPH WIRE THAT RUNS FROM SHARPSVILLE, ALONG THE KIOWA TRAIL!

WHEN SHE COULD SEE THE HUBBARD STAGE WAS LEAVING AND THE STRENGTH OF ITS ESCORT, SHE'D TELEGRAPH THE INFORMATION TO SOMEONE ALONG THE KIOWA TRAIL WHO CLIMBED A POLE TO TAKE IT—SOMEONE WITH A PAINTED FACE AND HIGH CHEEK BONES! HMM, I THINK I'LL GO OVER TO RANSE'S HOTEL!



BUT THERE WAS SOMEBODY ALREADY THERE AT RANSE'S LATER, IN THE HUBBARD STAGE OFFICE...

SOMEBODY GAVE IT TO RANSE AN' HIS RAIS THROUGH THE WINDOW! I GUESS THIS ENDS THE KIOWA RAIDS!

THE POOL! HE DOESN'T KNOW RITA GALE WAS STEADILY TRYING TO FIX THE SUSPICION ON RANSE!

BUMPER THE SHERIFF FOUND RANSE DEAD! BUT HE WASN'T GUILTY! I HAVE PROOF THAT RITA GALE IS THE ONE WHO TIPPED OFF THE KIOWA! IT WAS SHE WHO SHOT AT US! SHE LEFT RANSE'S RIFLE AND KERCHIEF BEHIND TO THROW US OFF THE TRAIL!

SHE JUST LEFT ON THE STAGE, AND MR. HUBBARD WENT ALONG TO BOLSTER THE ESCORT!

WAIT A MINUTE! IT JUST HIT ME! YOUNG HUBBARD USED TO TAKE RITA AROUND A LOT! THEY WERE PLANNING TO GET MARRIED, BUT ELLIOT GOT KILLED TWO DAYS BEFORE THE WEDDING!

THAT'S RIGHT! ELLIOT WAS SHOT AT CLOSE RANGE! THERE WERE POWDER BURNS ALL OVER HIS VEST!

THE KILLER HASN'T BEEN FOUND!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

THAT MEANS HE KNEW AND TRUSTED THE KILLER ENOUGH TO LET HIM GET CLOSE! RITA MIGHT HAVE MURDERED ELLIOT BECAUSE HE JILTED HER!

A LETTER FOR YOU, DIAMOND! THAT DANCER AT THE SHARPSVILLE ROLACE LEFT IT BEFORE SHE PULLED OUT ON THE STAGE...

IT'S A CONFESSION! RITA GALE ISN'T HER, RIGHT NAME! ITS GREEN DOE! SHE'S A KIOWA PRINCESS! WHEN ELLIOT HUBBARD FOUND THAT OUT HE REJECTED HER AND SHE MURDERED HIM!

A Kiss Die

DIAMOND WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT STAGE!

BUT AN HOUR LATER, FAR OUT ON THE KIOWA TRAIL...

MR. HUBBARD! IT'S THE KIOWAS! THEY'RE ATTACKIN' US FROM BOTH SIDES!

YIPPPP!

Yuu!

Yuu!

NOT ONLY FROM BOTH SIDES, DOG OF A WHITE MAN! FROM INSIDE AS WELL! BLAME YOUR SON FOR THIS, MR. HUBBARD! HE SPURNED ME BECAUSE I HAD INDIAN BLOOD!

YOU MEAN YOU KILLED ELLIOT? I...

OH HAGHH!

YER, I KILLED HIM! AND NOW YOU! AND MY KIOWA BROTHERS WILL KILL ALL WHO RIDE THE HUBBARD LINES! FAREWELL, PALEFACES! GO TO YOUR DOOM!

SUDDENLY TWO RIDERS APPEAR IN THE NIGHT DARK IN THEIR HANDS FLAMING TOWARD THE KIOWA MURDERERS!

POUR IT IN, BUMPER! THEY'LL RUN LIKE RABBITS! LIKE ALL MURDERERS THEY'RE COWARDS AT HEART!

IT IS BLACK DIAMOND! RUN! RUN! HIS GUNS SPEAK WITH THE VOICE OF DEATH!

AHHEE!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THEY'RE FLEEING FOR THEIR LIVES!

SPEAKING OF LIVES, DIAMOND, LOOK WHO'S LYING THERE - ON THE EDGE OF THE ROAD!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

SHE AIMED FOR MY HEART AND MISSED! POOR WRETCHED CREATURE! HOW SHE MUST HAVE HATED US HUBBARDS!

THEN SHE GUESSED WRONG, MR. HUBBARD, FOR THE FIRST AND LAST TIME... UNHAPPY, TWISTED GIRL! SHE BROKE HER NECK LEAPING FROM THE STAGECOACH! SHE TRIED TO DESTROY! LET'S HOPE SHE HAS FINALLY FOUND THE PEACE OF MIND SHE SOUGHT, SO FOOLISHLY, IN REVENGE!

THE END

YOU can WIN
This big 15" Silver Trophy
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Your Name
on it



YES! John Sill
like millions, mailed me 10c and
a coupon like the one below YOU
MAILED NOW!

"Hey, You SKINNY Bag of Bones!"

That's what the boys shouted at me ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO...

But look at me NOW, PAL...

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YOU ALL-AMERICAN
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YES! JOHN SILL'S SUCCESS STORY can soon be your own success story. HOW A THIN-WEAKLING WINS A TROPHY AS A MAGNIFICENT AMERICAN HE-MAN. A few weeks ago, John was a skinny weakling. Everybody picked on him. He had no punch, no guts to fight for his rights. TODAY everyone admires John's muscle-star champion build—his mighty ARMS, his heroic CHEST, his rock-solid TORSO, his broad BACK, his military SHOULDERS. His newly-born POPULARITY with fellows. The way GIRLS flock around him. His prowess on the ATHLETIC field. His double energy at work.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are, if you're 14 or 40; if you're short or tall, or what walk you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your own home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

Which of 2 WEAKLINGS
PAID only a Few Cents
to become an

All-Around HE-MAN?
Which One Paid Hundreds Of Dollars?



Rex Ferrus was a weakling, paid a few cents to start building at home into a Champion All-Around He-Man!

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars. No train at my side years ago. Start to become an All-Around He-Man at home with these same secrets for only a few cents like Rex Ferrus did! Now Rex is top in Sports, Job, Popularity, as you can see.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From flat to heels; you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an All-Around, All-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my training won't cost you one single solitary cent!

Develop YOUR 529 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST! Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST BY TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-WAYS fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie stars! Take Time! did Like Champs John Sill did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. So MAIL COUPON NOW!

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